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THE  
TOBACCONIST,

A  
COMEDY

OF TWO ACTS

*Altered from* BEN JOHNSON.

Asled at the  
THEATRES ROYAL  
IN THE  
HAY-MARKET  
AND  
EDINBURGH.

(With universal applause)

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Qui vult decipi, decipiatur.

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L O N D O N:

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and C. ETHERINGTON, at *York*.

M,DCC,LXXI.

TOBACCO





D E D I C A T I O N.

T O

*Sir Francis Delaval*, Knight  
of the *Bath*.

S I R,

**Y**OUR taste for, and critical knowledge of Dramatic Compositions, deserve an offering of more worth than the following trifle; however, considered merely as a mode to convey my sense of obligation conferred, I hope it will at least appear an excuseable trespass of,

S I R,

Your most respectful

and very obedient servant

*July 1771.*

The A U T H O R.

P R O-

# PROLOGUE,

Written and Spoken by Mr. GENTLEMAN.

**B**EN JOHNSON'S name, in ev'ry ear of taste,  
Must with respect, and countenance be graced;  
No pen the lines of nature better drew,  
No wit or satire ever higher flew;  
An early pillar of the English stage,  
His pieces were true pictures of the age;  
Time-worn they feel impair—yet still must please.  
Nervous and just, though void of modern ease.

Fashions, in characters as well as cloaths,  
Change, though less oft, as wav'ring fancy flows;  
Witches and fairies with their midnight train,  
No longer revel on the blasted plain;  
Now ev'ry simpleton of britain's isle,  
At such a fraud as Alchymy would smile;  
Yet being only chang'd in name and shapes,  
Scarce one in ten the gilded bait escapes.

Haste to the hall where law is sold like ware,  
How many long rob'd alchymists ply there;  
What hopes to gudgeon clients they unfold,  
While empty quibbles turn to solid gold;  
See swarming quacks!—so public folly wills  
Convert to gold their health-destroying pills  
Change Alley view—that scene of transmutation  
That base alchemic bubble of the nation;  
See beauty's self resign its brightest charms  
And turn to gold in age's frozen arms.

Search

*Search all the world, examine ev'ry part;  
You'll find each man an alchymist at heart  
In ev'ry clime we find, if truth be told  
The universal deity is gold.*

*Whate'er of merit you perceive this night,  
Grant your old bard as his undoubted right  
My brain has laboured—feebly I confess,  
Only to furnish a more modern dress.  
My weak endeavours let your candor raise,  
They hope indulgence, though they reach not praise.*

DRAM-



## Dramatis Personæ.

*Abel Drugger,*

*Subtle,*

*Face,*

*Sir Epicure Mammon,*

*Knowlife,*

*Headlong,*

*Miss Rantipole,*

*Doll Trickfy,*

Mr. WESTON.

Mr. GARDNER.

Mr. ROBSON.

Mr. GENTLEMAN.

Mr. FEARON.

Mr. VANDERMERE.

Mrs. DIDIER.

Mrs. GARDNER.

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## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

AS the PROLOGUE has, in part, apologized for this alteration from BEN JOHNSON, nothing more need be added, but that it was meant to give Mr. WESTON's established merit in the character of *Abel Drugger*, more frequent, familiar, and compact opportunity of shewing itself, than the Old Play can possibly afford; upon comparison, it will be found, that very little of the original is retained, but a general idea, and the part of *Abel Drugger*, to which however, some additions have been made.

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THE  
TOBACONIST.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

*Enter* SUBTLE, *followed by* FACE.

*Subtle.*

NAY, nay, though thy name be Face, and thou hadst a face of brass, thou shalt not out-face me.

*Face.*

Then must I be unable to handle a most excellent subject; tho' shame and thee have long since parted, I will so anatomize that calf's head of thine.—

*Subtle.*

Calf's head! Blood of my life, I have a mind to mark my resentment in such legible characters upon that Tyburn visage of thine, as will put thy features in mourning.

B

*Face.*

2 The TOBACONIST.

*Face.*

Come on then, see whose stomach will bear bruising best; I'll tickle those pampered sides.

*Subtle.*

A poor, ignorant, impertinent, ungrateful wretch; whose life, to my disgrace be it spoken, I have saved—vile emblem of an empty cask, much sound, no contents, canst thou forget the mouldy crusts, Suffolk cheese, and dead small beer, on which thou wert starving in common with bare-ribbed rats and limping mice?

*Face.*

Mighty well, mighty well, master Subtle.

*Subtle.*

Have I not made thee an occasional captain, am I not filling thy pockets as well as thy belly; have I not taught thee, dull as thou art, to converse with, and impose on various degrees of mankind? have I not from the stupidest slave that ever marred common sense sharpened thy wit, smoothed thy tongue, polished thy manners, regulated thy features, to make thee capable of thriving in life, and this treatment, my hopeful recompence?

*Face.*

Not so fast, not so fast, master glib-tongue, give eccho fair play—I do indeed confess myself indebted to thee for being a thriving pupil in the noble science of knavery, of which I admit thee an able professor; but as motives constitute, or destroy obligation, I ask what were thine? to strengthen and further thy own iniquitous designs; and if thou  
talk'st



The TOBACONIST. 3

talk't of favour I can bring a powerful balance  
on my side, to silence your modest worship.

*Subtle.*

With contempt I defy thee.

*Face.*

Nay, then my tongue shall so buffet thee, that  
thou shalt think half Billingsgate, the seat of thy  
education, let loose about thy ears, and shrink back  
that knave's face of thine like a snail into its shell.

*Subtle.*

Mighty fine!

*Face.*

Remember St. Giles's Scape-grace where I found  
thee a compleat emblem of poverty, resembling  
the fruit of a gibbet seven years exposed to wind  
and weather, not a coat to thy back, a stocking to  
thy legs, nor a shoe to thy feet.

*Subtle.*

Very well, go on fir.

*Face.*

Did I not find thee tatterdemallion with a beard  
two inches long, not having wherewithal to pay  
a penny barber; squallid cheeks, furrowed brows,  
funk eyes, and chattering teeth, crawling by the  
doors of cook-shops, to feed upon the steam of  
baked ox heads and shins of beef.

*Subtle.*

Tremble audacious villian at thy insolence—fear  
my rage.

*Face.*

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*Face.*

Did I not put thee into some liking, snatch thee from Jane Shore's fate, and when thou had'st not as much linen about thee as would furnish a tinder box, did I not like a guardian genius bring thee to this house?

*Subtle.*

Yes thy master's house, which, like a hungry mastiff, thou wast left to guard, and for a single bone would have let in any thief.

*Face.*

Did I not enable thee to carry on the deceptions of alchymy, fortune telling, and algebra; your minerals, your vegetals, and animals, to fleece the credulous vulgar; have not I provided you with conjuror's robes, stills, glasses, furnaces, coals, and all other materials, to carry on thy profitable farce? answer me knave have I not done all this?

*Subtle.*

And answer me miscreant, hast thou not thy share of the plunder? firrah thou art as craving and unthankful as a Bumbailiff.

*Face.*

And thou, poltroon, as tricking as a Jewish Stock-Broker, or an Old Bailey Solicitor.

*Enter Tricksy.*

*Tric.*

How now my masters, I thought high words struck my ears; say what churlish point blows the  
wind



wind from, to make such a gloomy appearance of foul weather?

*Subtle.*

Slave, there is no name vile enough for thee.

*Face.*

Call me any thing but Subtle, and I care not.

*Tric.*

What tantrums are these I trow? I find my ears were right, some fiend has spread this mischief between ye, why ye look as black at each other as a dark Christmase.

*Subtle.*

The dog is more hateful to me than cheese.

*Face.*

And thou to me more detestable than the fulsome steam of a tallow-chandler's work-shop.

*Tric.*

For shame, talk not so loud, you will discover yourselves.

*Face.*

I care not, welcome pillory, or cart, so that varlet has his share.

*Subtle.*

Content, so thou art cropped, or hanged, first.

*Tric.*

Hey day, hey day, if you are for that sport have among ye; I must raise my voice too, then look to it; why you couple of paltry, pimping, petulant knaves cant we comfortably share gains and be quiet,



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quiet, can't we make fools without being such ourselves; what bring our golden scheme to so fair a prospect, and let it, according to your jargon, vanish in fumo—the old dispute revived, I suppose, about honesty, when you know in your consciences that there is not a grain in either of you, or if there was, you would starve by it.

*Face.*

Why it is all his fault Doll.

*Subtle.*

I deny it.

*Tric.*

'Tis both your faults, you tinder temper'd knaves; you sputter at one another, and yet have as little courage as honesty, I know your high words and big looks, you spend your lungs to bawl, and strain your limbs to stride, without any meaning; what, am I a partner in all your undertakings, your impostures, and shall I waste my wit for nothing; must I encourage fools of various shapes, and assume as many different characters as Mr. What d'ye Callum, Protus, to forward your designs, that they may be blown up by idle passion.

*Subtle.*

Take breath Doll—take breath.

*Tric.*

Take breath,'ads my life, shake hands, live peaceably and cheat industriously, or tremble at my vengeance, I'll blow ye—get a genteel reward for apprehending such notorious bites; turn honest myself

self, and make those necks and ears you talk so lightly of, tremble at the approach of wooden and hempen collars.

*Face.*

Then let him leave off grumbling like a bear, that he has the heaviest part of our plan to execute.

*Subtle.*

So I have; above one half the work, yet not above a third of the profit, besides ill language.

*Tric.*

And who begins it, old snarler, don't we perform the parts allotted us chearfully; if your's exceeds to-day, our's may match it to-morrow, s'death I have a good mind to pull you by the nose for this.

*Subtle.*

Nay but dear Doll—Doll the soft—Doll the gentle.

*Tric.*

No wheedling, Mr. Morose, but swear.

*Subtle.*

What wouldst thou have me swear.

*Tric.*

To leave idle disputation and high words, for industry in promoting our common cause, this will best become you.

*Subtle.*

By my hopes I meant no other; what I said was only to spur him up a little.

*Face,*

*Face.*

Ay but your spurs gall worse than those of a wild London apprentice, hack-mounted, to take the air on a funday; they would make even the numbed sides of a sand ass shrink.

*Tric.*

Come, come, no more, we want no whipping, nor spurring, take hands—no frowns but cordiality; I proclaim a peace.

*Subtle.*

Which for thy sake, fair mediatrix, I will keep religiously.

*Face.*

And I.

*Tric.*

I'll have no, no, Frenchified professions, fair faces with designing hearts—for my sake! keep the compact for your own.

*Face.*

Wench of spirit, we will, and when we have stuffed our paunches, which, before our master returns we certainly shall, as a reward for thy pains thou shalt be lady Face, or lady Subtle.

*Tric.*

Marry, come up I trow—a wonderful catch—suppose I should be neither, but of that hereafter is it not near the hour, when that Prince of simplicity, my sweet swain, the Tobaconist, is to be here?

*Subtle.*



The TOBACONIST. 9

*Subtle.*

It is, Face be thou in the way, to meet and conduct him to an audience.

*Face.*

Fear not, I'll play the gudgeon with an angler's skill.

[*Exit.*]

*Subtle.*

Why Doll, thou hast almost as many admirers as Hellen.

*Tric.*

Admirers! if the frames were not gilded, the pictures would be intolerable; as for instance Abel Drugger, whose formality of phiz, and shallowness of scull, might for a few visits make even melancholly smile; then my flink-haired methodist preacher, Bawlwell, who woos me in the stile of a faint, to make me in reality a devil.

*Subtle.*

Ha! ha! ha! well said little volatile.

*Tric.*

Third that cumbersome repository of lewd thoughts, Sir Epicure, who batters my ears with such pomposity of phrase, that I should always have a dictionary at hand to understand him; he is, for mouthing, the puff'd up cryer of Cupid's court.

*Subtle.*

He is indeed a rich subject for imposition; good wench, thou art to us as a conjuror's shew cloth to

C

draw

10 The TOBACONIST.

draw in the gaping croud; most of the sheep are penned by thee, and we fleece them.

*Tric.*

Yes that you do pretty handsomely—but of all my numerous gallants I am most troubled with Headlong, the betting, boxing blade, and often fancy I stand in danger of feeling personally, by way of joke, the dexterity of his fists.

*Subtle.*

Hush! I hear somebody coming;—retire till occasion demands thy presence; and above all remember the feigned madness I have taught thee, for thy next interview with Sir Epicure—much depends on that.

*Tric.*

Fear not—he shall think me fresh slipped from the region of Moorfields. [Exit.

*Subtle.*

Now for suitable importance of look, and essential obscurity of phrase; by which the prudent are sometimes, and the foolish are always taken in.

*Enter FACE, with ABEL DRUGGER.*

*Face.*

There he is—the wonder of the world—past, present, and to come, are as familiar to him as thou art with thy own face; there's not a fixed Planet, nor even a wandering star, beyond his knowledge.

*A. Drug.*

May hap so—then he must have a power of acquaintances—I should not remember half of them.

*Face.*

*Face.*

You!—comparisons are—but mum—he turns upon us.

*Subtle.*

So friend thy name is Abel Drugger.

*A. Drug.*

Yes fir.

*Subtle.*

And thou art a vender of Tobacco.

*A. Drug.*

True fir.

*Subtle.*

Free of the grocers.

*A. Drug.*

Ay an it please you.

*Subtle.*

Thou art lucky—a good star reigned at thy birth.

*Face.*

Mind that little Nab.

*A. Drug.*

I hope it was a north star—they say that's luckiest now.

*Subtle.*

Thou hast an illustrious set of features.

*A. Drug.*

Yes very lustrous—mother used to call me her bright baby Abel.

*C 2*

*Subtle.*



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*Subtle.*

Well—now for business—I know thy thoughts yet require thy own explanation—what wouldst thou have with me.

*A. Drug.*

This an please your wife worship—I am a young beginner, and am building a new shop, if it likes your reverence—it is just at the corner of a street—here's the plot on't; and I would know, by art sir, of your venerableship which way I should make my door by necromany, and where to place my boxes, where my shelves, and where my pots—I should be glad to thrive—I was wished to you by Captain Face here, my very good friend, who says that you known men's planets and their good Angels and their bad.

*Subtle.*

He tells you a most solemn truth, I do know them.

*A. Drug.*

I pray you Captain speak for me to Master Doctor, his wisdom has taken both my courage and breath away.

*Face.*

Well, well, I'll be thy spokesman—Doctor this is my friend; his name Abel—a very honest fellow.

*A. Drug.*

Yes very honest.

*Face.*

And no Goldsmith.

*A. Drug.*

*A Drug.*

No, no Goldsmith.

*Subtle.*

And as I have already hinted very fortunate—  
at which allow me to rejoice—soft—metaposcropy  
informs me that your chesnut, or olive coloured hair  
does never fail; besides your long ears promise  
extremely well—you were born on Wednesday.

*A. Drug.*

Good now—by my truly and so I was.

*Face.*

Is not this astonishing.

*Subtle.*

The thumb in chiromancy we give to Venus—  
the fore finger to Jove, the midst to Saturn, the  
ring to Sol, the least to Mercury.—

*(While Subtle is examining Drugger's fingers, he steals  
off a ring.)*

*A. Drug.*

Nay, and you give them all away, I shall have  
none for myself.

*Face.*

Is not this strange.

*A. Drug.*

Yes truly, very strange.—*Missing his Ring.*

*Subtle.*

Now for attention—this is thy house.

*A. Drug.*

Yes sir.

2

*Subtle.*

*Subtle.*

And these are your two sides:

*A Drug.*

So they are indeed fir.

*Subtle.*

Mark me then—make your door here in the south, your broad side west, and to the east side of your shop write in fair golden letters these words, *Matblai, Tarmael, Baraborat*.

*A Drug.*

*Matlay, turnmill, boreabrat*, what may that be in English, an like your wife worship?

*Face. (aside)*

Mum there; plain English would ruin all.

*Subtle.*

Upon the north side inscribe *Thael velil thiel*.

*A Drug.*

*Rael velil thiel.*

*Subtle.*

Those are the names of such mercurial spirits as fright flies from boxes, cobwebs from shelves, and vermin from thy cupboards.

*A Drug.*

I pray you fir write down these charms, for I have but a sieve-like memory—all runs though.

*Subtle.*

Fear not, I'll strengthen thy recollection, and give thee, for I like thy countenance, such other assistance as will make thee stand a fair chance to possess.



possess that source of boundless riches, the philosopher's stone.

*Face.*

Hearst thou that little Nab.

*A. Drug.*

Ay, I do, good captain—what must I give the Doctor.

*Face.*

Give him—consider thou art a made man—thou can'st not possibly give less than—but hold, that you may try his wisdom a little closer, ask him about any particular circumstance that happened some time since—see if he can tell.

*A. Drug.*

I'll do't—with your worship's good favour, I would ask what happened to me last Martinmas day was twelvemonth, at night.

*Subtle.*

I see thou doubt'st my skill—but I'll indulge thee, Aries, Taurus, Virgo, Sagittarius, Capricornus, whisper in my ear the event I am questioned upon.

*A. Drug.*

Are all these brother conjurors he's talking to?

*Subtle.*

Thou never wast at a tavern in thy life but on the evening thou hast mentioned.

*A. Drug.*

Truth and no more I was not.

*Subtle.*

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*Subtle.*

There you was so sick—

*A. Drug.*

What, can you tell that too—ay, we had been out shooting water wagtails, and I had gotten a rare stomach—so eating a piece of fat ram mutton for supper, it lay heavy on my stomach, and my head did so ache.—

*Face.*

And Nab having no head.

*A. Drug.*

No, no head.

*Subtle.*

You were obliged to be carried home where a good old woman.—

*A. Drug.*

Yes faith, she cured me with foddren ale, and pellitory o'th wall—it cost me but two pence.

*Face.*

Wonderful cheap.

*A. Drug.*

Was'n't it master captain, why, it was but last week the Alderman of our Ward died with eating too much, though his doctor's bill came to twenty golden guineas—but I had another sickness worse than the ram mutton.

*Subtle.*

That too I know; it was grief at being fessed eighteen pence for the water works,

*A Drug.*

*A. Drug.*

As I am a true man, and so it was—ay, it had like to have cost me my life—'twas done in perfect spight.

*Subtle.*

Nay, thy very hair fell off.

*A. Drug.*

Ay, and it has never curl'd since—every syllable true as I stand here, captain Face—I'll give him a crown.

*Face.*

What!

*A. Drug.*

Yes I'll give him a crown.

*Face.*

A crown, I blush to think of it: what, after consulting so many stars, and obtaining such marks of good fortune, put the doctor off with a less fee than you must give for a pettifogging lawyer's letter—oh! shame, shame, what gold hast thou about thee.

*A. Drug.*

A two guinea piece, which was left me by my grandmother, and I would fain leave it to my grandchild.

*Face.*

Pshaw, Pshaw—give it to the doctor—nay pause not man, and the next visit make it ten—is it not a cheap purchase of ten times ten millions—mind that Nab.

D

*A. Drug;*



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*A. Drug.*

Well, friend captain, since you desire it—but shan't I ask him for any change.

*Face.*

Not for the world.

*A. Drug.*

There then—so I thank your worship—I am your conjurorship's humble servant—[*Going*].—I had almost forgot—I would desire another favour of his worship.

*Subtle.*

What is that my knight of the steady phiz.

*A. Drug.*

That your doctorship will be so kind, as to be so civil, to look over my almanack, and cross out my ill days, that I may neither buy, nor sell, nor trust, upon them.

*Face.*

I promise this shall be done against the afternoon.

*Subtle.*

It shall—moreover, I will mark out a disposition of thy shelves, devise a sign, with other matters that may serve thee.

*Face.*

Rejoice Nab, thou art in high favour with the doctor.

*A. Drug.*

I humbly thank your grace, and if your reverence comes near Pye Corner, you shall be welcome to  
some

The TOBACONIST. 19

some of my best Oroonoko, Virginia, long cut, short cut, saffron, shag, or—your conjurorship's most humble servant.

[Exit A. Drug.

*Face.*

Ha! ha! ha! thus grist flows into our mill—  
what think you of this tame pidgeon?

*Subtle.*

An excellent subject for imposition, and quite ripe for plucking; the stock is indebted to thee for bringing him to hand—at his next visit Doll shall ply him on another side, in the character of a rich widow—I must in, and prepare myself for Sir Epicure Mammon; do thou slip on the laboratory disguise, and watch his coming to the door.

[Exeunt severally.

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

20 The TOBACONIST.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter SIR EPICURE, and FACE.*

*Sir Epic.*

**W**ELL, my Zephirus, do we succeed, is our day come? Blushes the bolt's head?

*Face.*

Even with a virgin glow.

*Sir Epic.*

Excellent; now then Lungs, all my care must be where to get stuff enough for transmutation.

*Face.*

Your worship must buy the metal covering from the roofs of churches.

*Sir Epic.*

Thou say'st well, and instead thereof place thatch; thatch will fit lighter on their raftors, well after this day all that art can frame, or luxury can desire, is mine; I'll have a seraglio, to put the grand Signior's out of countenance, for where's that beauty can withstand a knight of gold?—my very slaves shall live on such viands as monarchs now call rarities; thy cares too, my Lungs, are near an end, this night I'll manumit thee from the furnace, and repair thy brain, hurt with fume o'th' metals.

*Face.*



*Face.*

I thank you sir; I have indeed blown hard for your worship.

*Sir Epic.*

And thou shalt have reward, a ton of gold shall pay thee; the largest bell our Island can afford I'll change into that glorious metal, so mayst thou ring thy noble fortune—where's thy master?

*Face.*

Within sir at his prayers for the success of our great projection.

*Sir Epic.*

Good soul to pray so much, and toil so hard for my emolument; thou Lungs, when I have got thee into flesh a little, shall be my Kisler Aga, the keeper of my wanton nymphs, more fair than those who tripped the Cyprian grove.

*Face.*

Hold sir, not a profane word—for see the pious doctor comes.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* SUBTLE.

*Sir Epi.*

Good morrow father.

*Subtle.*

Gentle son good morrow—but wherefore here so soon, I fear me you are covetous, and wish possession of the stone for carnal appetite; take heed you do not throw the near hand blessing from you with ungoverned haste; I should be sorry to see my labours,

bour, now on the point of perfection, not prosper where my honest love has placed them, as they have been meant for public good; for pious uses, and mere charity—shouldst thou pursue ought else, a curse will follow thy deceitful ways.

*Sir Epic.*

I know it, venerable sir—you shall not need to fear me, I will be charity itself; there shall not be an empty stomach, or a thread-bare coat, in the nation; I will build churches, endow hospitals, and make lean curates plump as fat metropolitans; I will give such premiums for virtue, that vice shall be ashamed to show its face; I will pay off the national debt, to annihilate the taxes upon salt, soap, leather, candles, and beer, which now gripe impoverished pockets, all arts, all sciences, shall thrive beneath my smile; and every comfort of life lie open to every hand, while temperance and doing good, to me, shall be the highest luxury.

*Subtle.*

Fairly spoken, if sincerity gives value to thy words—Ulen, look well to the register, and let your heat lessen by degrees, to the aludels.

*Face, (within)*

I shall sir.

*Subtle.*

Look on, and bring word of what complexion is glass B—son of my care thy happiness approaches—how now, what colour says it?

*Enter FACE.*

The ground black sir.

*Sir Epic.*

*Sir Epic.*

That's your crow's head.

*Subtle.*

Be not too forward son—the process then was right.

*Face.*

Yes, by the token fir; the retort brake, and what was faved was put into the pellicane, and sealed with Hermes seal.

*Subtle.*

I think 'twas so, we should now have fresh amalgama; but I care not, let him e'en die.

*Face.*

Our Knight must have the other squeeze, (*Aside*) I would not, you should let any die now, if I might counsel fir, for luck's sake to the rest.

*Sir Epic.*

Lungs, thou art right, now our harvest is at hand, why should it want the ripening.

*Face.*

Nay, I know it fir, I have seen the ill fortune; what are some six ounces of fresh materials.

*Sir Epic.*

What no more! a very trifle—good fir, what shall I give him.

*Subtle.*

Some twenty pounds, or you may make it five and twenty.

*Sir Epic.*



*Sir Epic.*

There is my purse with thirty, I shall have as many tons ere night.

*Subtle.*

Well snapped gudgeon, (*Aside*) this needed not, but you will have it so—now must I set the oil of luna, and the philosopher's vinegar in kemia—Ulen, go thou for the amalgama—son your leave a while. *[Exit.]*

*Sir Epic.*

Lungs, where's my lovely dame, my Cyprian Queen, might I not by thy good help, bask for a moment in the sun-shine of her eye—here's money for the pains, thou tak'st to serve me.

*Face.*

I am your slave—I'll send her to your wish. *Exit.*

*Sir Epic.*

Sure every smiling planet reigned at thy birth, Sir Epicure, to mark thee out the eldest favourite of fortune—but she comes [*Enter TRICKSY*] allow me madam to offer up my vows with rapture at the shrine of your charms.

*Tric.*

The vows of men, Sir Epicure, are false.

*Sir Epic.*

Mine fair dame as true as alchymy, and rich as the philosopher's stone, which I am shortly to possess, suffer this ring to sparkle with added lustre upon that finger, whose delicate proportion not Phidias nor Praxiteles, were they alive again, with Art Sculptorian could describe.

*Tric.*

*Tric.*

Your praise and favour, sir, speak warmly to my heart.

*Sir Epic.*

Soon shall they glow upon thee with the fervor of an Æthiopian sun; to-morrow will purchase the monarchy of this nether globe, and make thee, my second Venus! Queen on't. Now let a touch of those soft lips confirm our contract.

*Tric.*

Avaunt ambassador of sin, and touch me not—emblem of vice, I've found thee.

*Sir Epic.*

Found me, I don't know that I was lost.

*Tric.*

Thy eyes are blind, thy tongue licentious, thy limbs disordered.

*Sir Epic.*

How she stares.

*Tric.*

Thou walking volcano, thou embodied fever, go lay thee in the winter's frozen lap, and let him weep snow on thee, to allay thy raging heat.

*Sir Epic.*

Mad as a March hare—would I were out of the house.

*Tric.*

Thy cousins, Etna and Vesuvius, vomit not combustibles more destructive than are winged on thy infectious breath—come, if thou hast  
E courage,

courage, I'll lead the way from off this sky-crown'd rock, and headlong plunge into yon roaring deep—thou tremblest—guilt makes a coward of thee, and thou must remain a prey to self consuming flames; while white-winged doves wait to bear me to the fields of bliss, where such as thou can never, never, never, come.

*Enter FACE.*

What's the matter?—oh I see the lady's in a fit.

*Sir Epic.*

Ay, and a devil of a fit too, I think.

*Tric.*

Ha! what art thou another fiend?—oh no, pardon gentle spirit dressed in virgin robes.

*Face.*

How did you work her to this?

*Sir Epic.*

Nay I know not, Lungs, unless by asking a civil salute.

*Face.*

Ah there it is—knew you not her tender brain? once hurt by love and matchless modesty, dear good lady.—

*Sir Epic.*

Right, Lungs, coax her Lungs.

*Tric.*

Nay shepherds, cease your melting strains, they are all in vain—I have no heart to give—'twas stolen long since—what do you alter notes,  
and



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and looks so soon?—worſe than the ravens diſcord—black as the brow of night; oh, you can quickly change—but I defy you all—for at my beck, ten thouſand ſpitts wait, to whom, this ne-ther globe, with all its load of ſins would be but a ſportive toy, to bandy through unbounded regions of the trackleſs air.

*Face.*

It is all over, we ſhall never lay her now, and if the old man ſhould hear her, we ſhould be all undone—hark, was not that his footſtep?—(*Aside*) move off Doll.

*Tric.*

The ſhade of Yarico, has ſent a card, and would attend my route this night—will ye join this inſubſtantial meeting of viſitants from the other world: Man of fleſh thou art too groſs, throw off mortality, and take a friſk amongſt us.

*Subtle (Entering.)*

What profane noiſe is here.

*Face.*

He comes.

(*They go off*)

*Enter SUBTLE.*

How! what fight doth wound my eyes? clouds and darkneſs, elſe why ſhun the light?—who's here, my ſon? (*Brings on Sir Epic*) I have lived too long.

*Sir Epic.*

Nay, good dear father, there was no diſhoneſt purpoſe.

*Subtle.*

Nay, tell not me, I knew it ere I saw; our great work hath stood still these ten minuets, and all our leffer works gone back—this will retard our happy views a month at least; if not—(*A loud crack and noise.*)

*Sir Epic.*

Mercy on us! what dreadful noise is that?

*Enter FACE.*

Oh, fir, we are all defeated, all the works are flown in fumo.

*Sir Epic.*

What all Lungs?

*Face.*

All; retorts, receivers, pellicans, bolt's heads, all struck in shivers.

*Subtle.*

Never more to be recovered.

*Sir Epic.*

Oh! oh! oh! oh!

(*Faints*)

*Subtle.*

There he goes—ha! ha! ha! blown up as well as his hopes—this well-timed blast, and Doll's well-acted madness, will make him bleed a fresh, and more plentifully in view of reparation.

*Face.*

True—he stirs; step you aside, I'll work upon him. [*Exit Subtle*] Good worthy knight, overwhelmed

whelmed with grief and patience, look up—sink not beyond all help.

*Sir Epic.*

Oh Lungs! what nothing saved?

*Face.*

I fear nothing worth mention, yet the doctor, good soul, is gone to see—charity—charity, he says may work a wonderful effect.

*Sir Epic.*

I will do any thing—I will do all.

*Face.*

Well sir, for the present, suppose, you bring one hundred to Bethlem, for those who have lost their wits; one hundred for the Magdalen, as sin of that kind has been your fault, and leave the sums to disposal of our doctor; such marks of your contrition, and his prayers may give a fresh process, desirable effect.

*Sir Epic.*

Thanks Lungs, for thy advice, I doubt not, it will speed, therefore the cash I will prepare—and henceforth be cautious of crack-brain'd beauty.

[*Exit.*

*Subtle. (Peeping in)*

What is the lump of knightly flesh departed Face.?

*Face.*

Yes, and with heavy heart, but not quite hopeless.—

*Subtle.*



*Subtle.*

Right thou play'st him to a hair—hark! I hear approaching steps— (*Exit Face*) how often do the worldly wise, happy in their imagined policy, fool away substantial possessions, pursuing shadows.

*Re-enter FACE, with MISS RANTIPOLE.**Face.*

There Madam, is the gentleman I presume you want.

*Rant.*

A droll figure I vow—an admirable character for Mrs. Cornelys—well Mr. Conjuror, as I am told, you are very intimate with the stars, I am inclined for a little conversation with you, and that we may better understand one another—there are a few guineas.

*Subtle.*

There is no language the stars understand, or like better than what these speak.

*Rant.*

You must know sir, I am the happiest creature alive, in number, and choice of admirers; I have a foldier of spirit who swears to me, a smirking parson, who prays to me, a Puritan, who cants to me, a Jemmy wit, who rallies, a gamester, who prefers me to the four Queens, and a Patriot, who offers to sacrifice even liberty to my smiles.

*Face.*

Upon my word madam, you at least have the pleasure of variety—but you'll soon be like Alexander, have no more to conquer.

*Rant.*

*Rant.*

Oh its charming beyond expression; and though a little troublesome when the rivals meet, yet I would not be without a numerous suite of worshippers for the world—the delightful envy it raises in your sex, and the enchanting bustle it causes amongst the other—then the amorous manœuvres of a glance to one, a nod to another, a leer to a third, a smile to a fourth, a beck to a fifth, a wink to a sixth, a sigh to a seventh, the tip of my little finger to an eighth, caring for none, and yet kind to all; is so Jantee, so *alamode*—so every thing, that I would not sacrifice my state of conquest, to be the matrimonial property of—of—no, not a Nabob, or an East India Governor hung round with diamonds—Husband!—insipid, drowsy, odious title.

*Subtle.*

Give me leave madam, as I see the charms of your person, though, with the dim eyes of age, to enquire the beauties of your pocket; as thence perhaps, we may properly estimate the violent attachment of your numerous admirers.

*Rant.*

What? fortune you mean; that, sir, I am not ashamed to explain, having had these twelvemonth past, by the will of my good old grandfather, twenty thousand pounds, at my own disposal.

*Face.*

Nay madam, it is not at all wonderful, that you should have an admirer for every thousand—besides being at your own disposal, the fatigue and danger,



danger, of a trip to Scotland are rendered unnecessary.

*Rant.*

True fir—at the age of sixteen, I was very near making that trip, as you call it—I was then at a boarding school, and listened to the soft sighs of Jemmy Goosequill, an Attorney's clerk; fond as Pyramus, and Thisbe, we agreed to elope—I got over the garden wall, on a sweet moonlight night, and posted as far as the river of matrimonial liberty, Tweed, when my furly fox-hunting papa, who loves a long chase at any rate, took me prisoner, horse-whipped my poor gallant, and brought me back, as melancholly as a turtle, separated from its cooing mate.

*Subtle.*

I imagine Miss, you have since perceived, that it is necessary for parents to thwart the precipitate inclinations of youth.

*Rant.*

Ay, but not upon old gruff's principles—at sixteen, indeed, I was a fond, foolish, credulous, creature, and thought of nothing but flames, darts, constancy, and dying—if a young fellow looked but grave—heigho! I pitied him, but now, as lady Fanny Flirtem says, if an army of lovers was before me, with pistols at their ears, daggers at their breasts, running nooses round their necks, or poison at their mouths, I could look on with the most immoveable composure, the true unfeeling fashionable indifference.

*Face.*



*Face.*

This is rather philosophical, than humane.

*Rant.*

Humane ha! ha! ha! and pray what have fine ladies to do with humanity—though there is a young Baronet in my train who could occasion some flutter here if he was a little more polished, but the teizing creature is so pettish and so jealous and so grave and so wise—pray Mr. Conjuror could not you put him under the influence of some fashionable star and teach him not to rail so much at inconstancy, Soho-square, the Winter Ranelagh and every species of gay life?—icod now I talk of gay life, I'll give you a song upon the subject, written by my rhiming fwain, which I intended to sing at the next masquerade in the character of-mum! we must not tell before hand.

*Subtle.*

Madam your musical compliment will oblige us.

*Rant. (Sings.)*

To do what we please and to taste ev'ry joy  
To set at defiance the purple wing'd boy  
To sneer at the grave and to laugh at the coy  
Such, Such are the sweets of gay life.

With each glance of our eyes to send forth a  
keen dart,  
To conquer at will each fine gentleman's heart,  
To be perfect in Hoyle—how delightful his art?  
Such, such are the sweets of gay life.

F

To

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To deck out our persons with fashion and grace,  
To shine out with splendor in each public place,  
And shew to advantage each beautiful face,  
Such, such are the sweets of gay life.

Unincumber'd with business, unruffled with care,  
Possessing each object that's costly and rare,  
As brilliant as sun shine—unbounded as air,  
Such, such are the joys of gay life.

Who ever refinement of pleasure would know,  
To Cornely's must hasten with hearts in full  
glow,  
No Paradise surely can vie with Soho,  
Or deal out such sweets of gay life.

What avail musty rules of the grave and the  
wife,  
They may be perhaps fitted well for the Skies,  
But taste on this earth must such nonsense despise,  
And stick to the sweets of gay life.

*Face.*

A very agreeable combination of spirit and  
harmony.

*Rant.*

Well Mr. Conjuror, if you can give my Baronet  
—I'll send him to see you—a little more taste and  
lessen his gravity, after I have had my fling, seen  
all the world, heard all the pretty things that can  
be said, fretted a score of lovers to death, and am  
on the brink of becoming an old maid, perhaps I  
may sink into a domestic animal.—But you must  
excuse my abrupt departure, I have a dozen friendly  
pop



pop visits to make in less than an hour and would not miss one for the universe; besides, I have a thousand things to prepare for Carlisle house this evening, where amid'st Asiatic brilliance, Arabian perfumes; Circassian beauty and Arcadian tenderness, we taste all the sweets of gay life. [*Exit.*

*Subtle.*

Truly a volatile sprig of flirtation—but methinks I hear Abel's voice, [*Exit Face*—now gravity and absence wrap me round in thy deceptive robe.

*Enter ABEL DRUGGER.*

Well master Tobacconist,

*A. Drug.*

I have brought your worship a taste of right Oroonoko—or if that's too mild,

*Subtle.*

This as a mark of thy honest regard will do.

*A. Drug.*

I wish his honour Captain Face had been here, I have not half the dacity to speak as when he is by.

*Subtle.*

Why not my honest friend? a just case may always speak openly, but excuse me, reflection calls, and I must leave this world a while.

*A. Drug.*

Leave this world a while—and yet he stands just where he did; but he's amongst the stars and

F 2

taking



taking a thousand miles at a jump, why these conjurors are—

*Enter FACE. (Slaps Druggier on the shoulder)*

Oh you frightened me.

*Face.*

So honest Nab—I see thou art alone, for the Doctor is with his spirits, but we'll upon him.

*Subtle.*

How now, what mates! what Baiards have we here?

*Face.*

I thought he would be furious—a piece of gold to soften him.

*A. Drug.*

What another!

*Face.*

Ay ay, what mar the sheep for a halfpenny worth of tar—come I'll give it the Doctor; now thy business.

*A. Drug.*

About a sign fir.

*Face.*

Ay, a good, lucky, thriving sign Doctor.

*Subtle.*

I have been thinking for his service—I will have none that's stale or common; a townsman born in Taurus gives the Bull, or the Bull's head—in Aries the Ram—both poor devices; no let me form his name into some mystic character, whose radii  
striking

striking the senses of each passer by, shall with a virtual influence breed affections which may result upon the party that owns it.

*Face.*

Mark that Nab.

*Subtle.*

He shall have a bell, that's Abel.

*A. Drug.*

Abel.

*Subtle.*

And by it standing, one whose name is Dee, in a rug gown.

*A. Drug.*

A rug gown,

*Subtle.*

D, and rug, you know, make Drug.

*Face.*

Excellent.

*Subtle.*

And right against him, a dog snarling Err.

*A Drug.*

Err, Abel Drugger—he! he! he! why that's my name.

*Subtle.*

These emblems thus conjoined, form a lucky sign with mystery, and hyeroglyphick.

*Face.*

Why, Abel, thou art made.

*A. Drug;*

*A. Drug.*

I do humbly thank his worship.

*Face.*

Six more such legs will not do it, thy word is passed to bring a piece of damask.

*A. Drug.*

Yes fir—but I have another thing I would impart.

*Subtle.*

Out with it, friend:

*A. Drug.*

There visits near me, a rich young widow.

*Face.*

A bona roba.

*A. Drug.*

Ay, rona boba, but nineteen at the most.

*Subtle.*

Very good; Abel.

*A. Drug.*

She does not wear a wig, quite in the fashion, yet it stands pretty well a cop, and I do now and then, tip her a fucus, and phyfic too sometimes, for which she trusts me with all her mind.

*Face.*

Very good Nab, go on.

*Subtle.*

She whom thou mentionest is now in my study, casting a figure—I know her to be the same—  
talk.

*A. Drug.*



*A. Drug.*

Yes, an like your worship, she makes a parfi mushroom of me.

*Subtle.*

Chefnut hair—leering eye.

*A. Drug.*

Very leering eye—your worship has her to a T.

*Subtle.*

I tell thee she is within, I'll work in thy favour, and thou shall't have immediate conference—this tobacco is good thou gavest me, how much is there of it?

*A. Drug.*

A very honest pound.

*Face.*

Doctor, Nab will present thee with a hog'shead of it.

*A. Drug.*

Won't half a one do—it costs me.—

*Face.*

Pshaw, hang costs, when a rich widow's in the case—and he will furnish you also, grave sir, with one of the richest suits of damask he can procure.

*Subtle.*

Such men are worthy fortune's smiles—I'll send the widow. [Exit.]

*Face.*

I'll follow and keep the doctor warm in thy interest, little Nab. [Exit.]

*A. Drug.*

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Let me see, what these conjurations will cost me—a two guinea piece, my ring, a pound of tobacco, then a hoghead; besides a suit of damask, and wedding charges into the bargain—why all together can't come to less than—oh here she is—what a charming figure to stand behind a counter—I'll warrant she'll sell twice as much as me; my shop will be the meeting place of gallants.

*Enter TRICKSY.*

Oh, Mr. Tobaconist, your servant.

*A. Drug. (Aside)*

How softly her mouth opens, as if her lips were afraid to part, and then it shuts, as if they were glad to meet.

*Tric. (Aside)*

The charming creature is wrapped up in meditation, what can that wise set of features be engaged upon.

*A Drug.*

How softly spoken? one to my mind exactly—my head won't bear much noise—oh, who would have thought to see you here, but they say mountains will meet.

*Tric.*

Yes sir, things little expected will happen—I never thought of losing my dear husband so soon, he was the be—be—best creature—

*A. Drug.*

D—D—don't cry, for I am so tender hearted, I can't see any body cry, but I must cry too.

*Tric?*

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*Tric.*

I shall esteem you the more.

*A. Drug.*

Esteem—now you talk that way, have you thought any more about our wedding.

*Tric.*

Good sir, 'tis not for me to think in such a case, I must obey my fate, what the stars say—

*A. Drug.*

Why I never knew the stars said any thing.

*Tric.*

Oh but they denote most certainly—if we go together 'tis they must do it.

*A Drug.*

Say you so, then I'll go in, and ask the doctor, how and about it—he'll tell me any thing in the stars, or in the sun, or moon, or any where else.

*Tric.*

He is indeed a wonderful man, and a most valuable friend.

*A. Drug.*

Well I'll go—now have I a good mind to ask a kiss—but I can't reach, and may hap she may be ashamed to stoop before marriage—so I'll stay a bit.

[*Exit.*

*Tric.*

So there he goes—ha! ha! ha! a few minutes more, and my face would have betrayed me; gravity must soon have given way.

G

*Head.*



*Headl. (within.)*

Hollo Doctor—master alchymist.

*Tric.*

My fighting fwain as I live, a little *mal-apropos*, but we must make the best on't.

*Enter HEADLONG.*

How now, my buxom widow here? that's more than I thought for—tip us thy hand—I came to tell this here doctor, what a rare scholar I am; I can almost quarrel with any body now—when he has made me perfect in the cross buttock, and brain blow, I should not fear the best he, that stands in shoe of leather.

*Tric.*

Excellent, I love a man of spirit.

*Headl.*

Spirit to the back-bone; I never die dunghill—always game—I had a damned fine tussle in the Park just now.

*Tric.*

Was it high fun?

*Headl.*

Rare rig, it would have made you burst your sides with laughing; you shall hear the whole affair.

*Tric.*

Pray do? I love a bit of mischief, vastly.

*Headl.*

Why you must know my girl of fire, as I was coming at a good spanking rate, from St. James's cockpit,

cockpit, what should I meet in the flagged passage, of Spring Garden; but a queer sort of a half gentleman, arm under arm, with a damned rum waddling wife as I afterwards found she was.

*Tric.*

Going I suppose, to take a matrimonial walk, in the Park—vulgar creatures, antediluvian wretches!

*Headl.*

You have hit it—as I brushed by with my arms a kimbo, this elbow went plump into madam's bread basket; she staggered, the husband put on a fighting face, and cries what's that for? what's that to you said I, it is to me says he—you lie says I—you are an impudent blockhead says he—you are a ragamuffin says I, and take that—giving him a tip across the cheek—into the Park we went—a ring was made, and as pretty a set to we had for about five minutes as any one would wish to see, till giving him a plump of the jaw, which broke two of his grinders, he sickened, so gave up: then we shook hands and made friends.

*Tric.*

Droll and pleasant to the last degree, ha! ha! ha!

*Headl.*

Oh! but I should have told you a merry affair that happened yesterday; after knocking off six bottles of madeira, hand to fist—Lord Graceless—a damned honest fellow, and myself, matched our nags from Windsor to London, the Peer laying sixty guineas to forty: well, off we set, and maintained a devilish deep rate till we came to Turnham Green, where the sport began; as we  
were



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were tugging for the lead, whip, and spur; I bolted a blind beggar into the ditch; in less than ten seconds, his Lordship flew over an old woman, riding upon an ass between two milk-pails; such a scene, ha! ha! ha! would have made Mr. What d'ye Callum, the crying philosopher, himself laugh; here lay the Peer's horse with his neck broke, there the old woman groaning, yonder the ass kicking, and his Lordship sprawling through the milky, way like a wounded frog in a duck-pond.

*Tric.*

Inimitable, ha! ha! ha! why this is higher life than your battle—besides you won the wager.

*Headl.*

Yes, yes, widow, I touched the spankers, the yellow boys, and intend to lay em out in a present for you; when we are married, if any man does but squint at you, I'll plump, and rib him.

*Enter* SUBTLE, FACE, *and* A. DRUGGER.

Mr. Doctor, I have been telling my widow here of the prettiest bruising match.

*Face.*

Mind that Nab—speak to him—I'll second you.

*A. Drug.*

Will you? then I'll do't—your widow—may hap not.

*Headl.*

May hap ay—and if I hear any more of your haps, look ye, d'ye see, I'll give you a douce oth' the chaps, mind that.

*A. Drug.*



*A. Drug.*

And if you do, you may get as good as you bring, for all your fighting face.

*Tric.*

Nay, good gentlemen, don't fight on my account—I'll please you both if I can.

*Headl.*

You—no, no, little buxom, only a few knocks for love, to see who's the best man, that's all—will you strip?

*A. Drug.*

As soon as yourself.

*Headl.*

Now then come on, little tickle-pitcher.

*A. Drug.*

I am at thee, bully bluff.

[*Fight.*

*Face.*

Bravely, done my hector of Troy, thou art victorious as Alexander, and shall be crowned with tobacco instead of laurel; take thy fair widow, retire and compose thyself.

*A. Drug.*

Master Captain, I can feeze tightly, when I see occasion.

[*Exit with Trickfy.*

*Enter KNOWLIFE with CONSTABLES.*

*Know.*

Come, walk in gentlemen, we'll clear this nest of hornets.

*Enter*

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*Enter FACE.*

How, my master returned! cursed chance! then we are all undone—not a loophole to escape.

*Know.*

Hey day, what my faithful Jeremy, metamorphosed into an officerical appearance?

*Face.*

Only an innocent frolic—if I had known your honour.—

*Know.*

Ay, ay, if you had known I was coming, you would have been better prepared; I doubt it not—why hang dog, what villainous work have you been making of this house during my absence?—no prevarication—I have heard of your converting it into an impostor shop, where gulls have been decoyed to barter real property for empty hopes.

*Know.*

What reverend cheat art thou? the leader of the gang.

*(Brings on Subtle)*

*Subtle.*

What a glorious harvest is here blasted?

*Enter SIR EPICURE.*

A feather headed puppy had like to run me over, and was within a hair's breadth, of tumbling me neck and heels down the whole flight of stairs—but here it is my alchymist, here are the means of reparation, one hundred pounds for Bethlem, as much for the Magdalen, besides fifty to purchase fresh amalgama!

*Know.*



*Know.*

What puffed up bladder of folly have we here?

*Sir Epic.*

I am a knight, and my alchymist there is to make me a knight of gold.

*Know.*

Thou art a knight of the post, for ought I know—at least a knight of the shallow skull; keep the money thou talk’st of to place thyself in Bedlam, as for this alchymist, ’tis great odds but he is made a transmuter of metals in earnest—by giving him to the East India company, to send him a Nabob hunting.

*Sir Epic.*

Nabob hunting! what are all my hopes vanished in fumo? —no amalgama? no flower of the sun? no projection? no bolt’s head?—I will be better informed.

*Know.*

In proper time you may, at present hold thy peace; if thou hast any thing to alledge against these worthy gentlemen, meet them tomorrow, before Justice Splithair, in Coxcomb Court, Law Lane; at present I must desire you to leave my house.

*Sir Epic.*

Your house?

*Know.*

Yes mine sir—no big looks, or I shall convince you of the property in a very disagreeable manner.

I

*Sir Epic.*



*Sir Epic.*

Oons, if this be the case, I'll never trust the stars again, and every man that speaks a hard word in my mind shall be a cheat—where's Mexico—where's Peru? [Exit.

*Know.*

Now culprits, what defence can you make.

*Face.*

To be short sir, having a mind above servitude, and talents to try a push in life, I was resolved to make the most of your absence; the prospect was very fair, but the fabric of my hopes like a house of cards is levelled by a single puff; however having little to risque, I have only lost expectation, and having been guilty of no breach of trust respecting you, imagine myself tolerably safe from prosecution.

*Know.*

Mighty well, evasive sir.

*Subtle.*

As for me sir, at whom you look with an inquisitive eye, being as low as the blind goddess could lay me, I was ready to snatch at any means of amending painful circumstances—you will say, why turn impostor?—look thro' the various classes of life, and you will see how many, that hold high heads, with fair outsides, pursue worse practices; you may stile me a knave, but since I have taken care not to be a poor one, I shall draw that respect and safety from well lin'd pockets, which pennyless, shame faced, honesty could never have obtained.

*Enter*

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Enter A. DRUGGER, with TRICKSY.

A. Drug.

Master Captain, and Master Doctor, I have settled the whole affair—the widow here, loves me like any thing.

Know.

What unfeather'd cuckoo, art thou?

A. Drug.

Cuckoo in your teeth, I gave one a trimming just now, and if you jaw much, mayhap you may come in for your share—nay, you need not squint so at this lady, she is a rich widow, and is to be my wife.

Know.

A rich widow! ha! ha! ha! thou art too contemptible for serious resentment, therefore I vouchsafe to tell thee, this lady is my chambermaid, that captain, my butler, and your grave alchymist there, a cheat, picked up I know not where; as to these three, I'll secure them for justice sake, and leave you to find the same way out, that you came in; come gentlemen, bring him to a place of security, till my furniture, plate, and other matters, are properly examined into. *Exeunt omnes præter Drug.*

A. Drug.

The widow his chambermaid, the captain his butler, and our wise alchymist, a cheat—a pretty kettle of fish I have made of it—but escaping the marriage noose is some comfort however.

H

Well



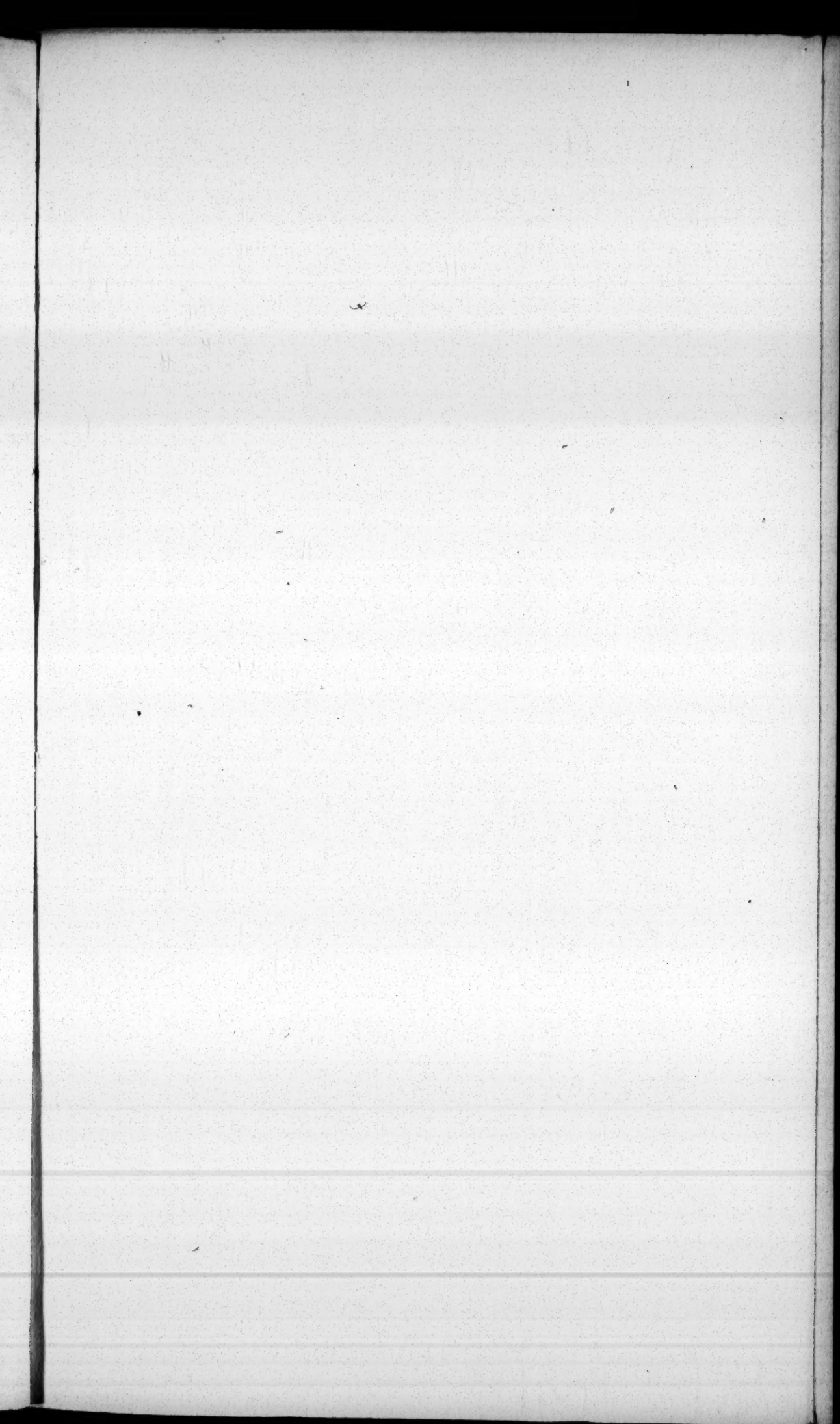
50. **THE TOBACONIST.**

Well left thus alone I'll return to my shop,  
And all future hopes from extrology drop;  
Henceforth I shall think it a pitiful trade,  
My head surely for conjuring never was made;  
But if I could conjure—a very good cause  
Should work my first spell—it should catch—  
your applause.

**F I N I S.**









RECOVERED

1939